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THURSDAY, MARCH 14.

In the *Morning Post* of Monday, we read the following:—

The EDINBURGH PROFESSORSHIP.—“The election takes place on the 30th. Twelve candidates go to the poll, after about forty applications. Mr. Donaldson seems generally to be regarded as secure, *although Dr. Gauntlett, it is admitted, will run him hard!* Mainzer and BENNETT stand *next (!)* in rotation, but all others have no chance.”

We are at a loss to conjecture what purpose is answered by this obstinate persistence, on the part of the *Post*, in throwing dust into the eyes of its readers. The *Post* must know, if the *Post* know any thing of the matter, that its favourite (*why* favourite?—ask Professor Taylor, and Dr. Wesley—) candidate has not the shadow of a chance, and, what is more, *never had*. Would it not be wiser in the *Post*, at this juncture, to lay up Dr. Gauntlett in cotton, and carefully preserve him for some future place of distinction, (the woolsack—for example), instead of hopelessly struggling to thrust him into the Edinburgh Chair of Music, spite of the dead wall of apathy which the Professors of the University have thrown up to oppose his entrance? It is no use, dear “*Post*”—take our word for it—all your endeavours will never force the Doctor into the office. The very chair itself, at his approach, would get up and run away from him. The Professorial band, averse to being clutched, would evolve in gyrations of infinite celerity, like the sun on its axis, rendering all propinquity impracticable.

Why not then, good “*Post*,” make the best of a bad bargain, and try to regain the confidence of your numerous *clientèle*, by prophesying the election of STERNDALÉ BENNETT?—which, being tolerably certain, will win you a reputation for judgment and foresight, that can never be your lot, if you continue in the delivery of false predictions. Why be a lying oracle, good brother “*Post*?” You know very well that Mr. Donaldson is *not* “generally regarded as secure”—you know very well that Dr. Gauntlett will *not* “run him hard” (to employ your own elegant phraseology)—you know very well that Mainzer does *not* “stand *next* in rotation” since he not stands in *any* position whatever, rotatory or rectilinear—you know very well, to conclude, that Bennett, instead of being *last*, is *first* in the field—and that, in fact, he is *all but certain* of being elected. All this you know, good “*Post*”—all this you know, for you are not destitute of the means of digging truth out of a hole when it suits your convenience. It cannot hurt your friend, “the Doctor,” to abandon him at this extremity. Depend upon it he will stand all the better chance of the woolsack for not being “Edinburgh Professor of Music.” And once on the woolsack, he will pepper the *counterpoint* of Dr. Wesley and the Gresham Professor, with five times the spiciness and six times the effect. Lay up “the Doctor,” then, for the nonce, and say (which you are aware is the case) that—finding him unlikely to become Caledonico-Musico-Professorial (you may say *he has changed his mind*—which will put the affair in a better light with your hitherto deluded readers) he has turned his

attention to other matters, and will very likely (*not*) be elected to fill the situation of the late Mr. Glen, at Christ’s Hospital. Indeed you may, without risk, assert, that if there were no other candidates, (and the place must of necessity be filled up), he would be *certain* of clutching it.

Since our last, we have received much information (that may be relied on) confirmatory of our often expressed opinion, that Mr. WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, is the man fixed upon by the majority of the Professors of the Edinburgh University, as the fittest occupant of the vacant musical chair. In this the Professors have supported their reputation as a wise and judicious body. Music will henceforth be taught in the University by a *natural*, not an artificial, doctor. (See Hobbes—who entitles all men of learning and erudition, whatever be their calling—*Doctors*.) Doctor Sterndale Bennett, who has received his diploma from DAME NATURE—is, indeed, well worth all the artificial Doctors that ever were created. A Doctor of Music was he born—for into this world he came, with an organization acutely sensitive to every musical impression—and, ere he had achieved his *teens*, he knew more of the true art and science of music, than any man (with two or three exceptions at the most) now living. All Hail! then—to PROFESSOR STERNDALÉ BENNETT—for he only among all who have presented (or *might have presented*) themselves—he alone is a worthy associate for such distinguished ornaments to Literature, Science, and general Philosophy, as the Professors of the Edinburgh University. Only one of the greatest musicians of his time, ought to be

placed on a footing with such illustrious men. Even the immortal Christopher North (Professor Wilson) might say with propriety, and without sacrifice to the dignity of his position—"Hail, Brother!" to WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT—one of the most gifted and accomplished musicians the world ever saw.

Q.

## EXETER HALL.

HANDEL's oratorio of "Saul" was performed last Wednesday night by the Sacred Harmonic Society, for the most part in a noble and effective manner. The aspect of the room was infinitely better than when Mendelssohn's Hymn, "As pants the hart," was given; which points to the fact that novelty, however excellent and desirable, is a dangerous speculation to try. The faith of the hundreds who frequent the Exeter Hall concerts is firmly set upon the solidities of Handel: Haydn is occasionally allowed, but with some manifestations of reserve. That this prejudice exists there can be no question, and it is much to be deplored. With the potent vocal means of a body so vast as the Sacred Harmonic Society, many works of undoubted beauty and sublimity might be submitted to hearing under suitable circumstances of dignity and completeness, were the multitudes, whose money support is essential, willing to give them countenance. It was painful to find Mendelssohn's magnificent motet—as pure and as inspired an effort of genius as ever fell from mortal pen—listened to with so much coldness and apathy. The danger of such experiments to the vitality of the society no doubt suggests to the directors abandoning, in some degree, further projects of the kind. "Saul" comes usefully to the relief, and Exeter Hall is again crowded with myriads of Handelian worshippers. "Saul" was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society three seasons ago—just 100 years after its first public performance. The present version is, we believe, precisely the same as the one adopted in 1840. Although the bulk of the work has been preserved, some pruning has been resorted to—a judicious determination; for, however strong the veneration may be for Handel, and powerful the desire to listen to him throughout, the long catalogue of songs, recitatives, and instrumental sinfonias contained in this oratorio would have worn out the patience of the most determined. The rejections seem to have been made, in general, with due consideration. In the chorusses is resident the vital strength of the oratorio; these are to be ranked among the noblest of Handel's labours in this grand department of his art. They are not more remarkable for their majesty than for their variety, for their sublimity than for their dramatic force. Some of the songs are exquisitely beautiful, and have achieved something more than the reverential praise of the connoisseur—the love and regard of every domestic musical circle in the kingdom. The friendship of David and Jonathan has been depicted by the composer with admirable descriptive power, and those solos of the oratorio having reference to this sentiment are the loveliest passages imaginable—so natural, yet so exquisite! The melodies of "Fell rage and black despair," "O, fairest of ten thousand fair," "O Lord, whose mercies numberless," and "In sweetest harmony" are gems of the rarest beauty. The last, the touching exordium to the pathetic chorus "O fatal day," is one of those outbursts of impassioned feeling—a gush of mourning tenderness wrung directly from the heart—which, if delivered

by a vocalist (such as Miss Dolby) with any particle of sensibility, must at once awaken the sympathies of an auditory. This lovely *morceau* is a favourite with all intellectual female singers, and in concerts of a superior class it is often to be found; and no wonder. The scene of interest in the oratorio, musical as well as dramatic, is the interview between Saul and the Witch of Endor, wherein Handel comes in direct and magnificent competition with Purcell. With the general action of the drama there has hitherto been little to interest, but at this point the attention becomes rivetted to a grand preternatural event. The recitatives here are extremely fine. The poetry of "Saul" was furnished Handel by Dr. Morell, and, like other contributions by the same hand, is for the most part prosy enough, excepting where there has been an express derivation from an inspired source; but these latter instances are rare enough. The argument comprises the public rejoicings for David's victory over Goliath; Michal's love and Merab's rejection of David; Saul's enmity; Jonathan's friendship; Saul's intercourse with the Witch, his despair, and death; David's lamentation; and his recognition as the ruler of the people. Upon Miss Dolby certainly devolved the main burden of the solo pieces. This young lady, sustaining the character of David, had, it must be confessed, the best of the music; but in her hands, that was not to be regretted. She sang with consummate tenderness and feeling, with a perfect understanding of the spirit of the text, striving after no theatrical excesses of method, but performing her duty with care, delicacy, and propriety. In no instance did she fail to produce the most desirable result; and there were none present who did not applaud her with sincerity and earnestness. The air "O Lord, whose mercies numberless"—a solemn appeal to Heaven invocatory of patience for human transgressions, was delivered by her with exquisite simplicity. The music, and it is music in the most exalted sense of the word was poured from her lips without effort: the religious tranquillity of the melody, its phrases of placid hope unruffled by doubt or despondency, she did not spoil by vain affectations or vulgar emphasis. There were several vocal gems in the course of the evening, and this was one of them; the same excellence was present in the last air, the lamentation of David for the death of Saul and Jonathan, "In sweetest harmony." It could not possibly have been given with more touching sweetness, character, and expression, than by Miss Dolby. Her coadjutor, Miss Rainforth, upon whom fell the music belonging to Michal, the beloved of David, had much less to do, but she did that little charmingly; the air, "Fell rage," and the soprano line in the duet "Oh fairest of ten thousand fair," were the only two things of any consequence allotted to her. Saul was in the hands of Mr. H. Phillips; and Jonathan—who indulges in a vast deal of dry, uninteresting recitative, was given to Mr. Bennett. This gentleman sings very agreeably. Mr. Machin sang the music of Samuel with becoming gravity; and Mr. Peck, a singularly cold-blooded vocalist, filled up the gaps, as *Abner* and the *Analekites*. To Miss Cubitt, who was Merab in the first act and the Witch in the third, praise should be assigned. She delivered the invocation to the ghost very meritoriously. The chorusses, upon the whole, were well executed. In one or two instances the ladies were rather at fault, as in "David his ten thousand slew," and in "O, fatal consequence;" but their derelictions were but trifles when compared with their general excellence. The noble fugue, "Preserve him for the glory of thy name;" the dramatic and appalling chorus, "Envy, eldest born of hell," with its terrific progressions on the words "Virtue sickens at thy sight;" the lovely choral threnody "Mourn, Israel, mourn thy beauty lost;" and the subsequent outburst of sorrow, "Oh, fatal day," were all admirably given; the latter with an intensity of feeling overwhelmingly

grand and pathetic. No combination of voices save such as is to be found at Exeter Hall, could produce so complete and so majestic an *ensemble*. Mr. Chipp played the trifling and ineffective harp symphony, and the "Dead March," the prescriptive adjunct now of all royal funerals, was vociferously encored. The effect of this would have been more legitimate if the violins had been muted. The Sacred Harmonic Society has just published its eleventh report, which gives, an encouraging view for the future. Referring to the doings of the foregone year, it has cause to speak of a general measure of success. Unanimity among the directors as well as among the main body, seems to have invariably prevailed: the rehearsals have been punctually attended, and there has been the best disposition shown to further the objects of the society, by perseverance, attention, and subordination. Rarely are these qualities exhibited in musical associations; and that the spirit of humility and concession should be evidenced in such a ponderous body as the Sacred Harmonic, is a thing not only to applaud but to marvel at. Much vocal practice has been had during the past year separate from the band, and this has been found most beneficial; time has been gained, expense spared, and what is more to the purpose, incalculable advantage has been secured to the public performances. The works which have been under rehearsal are Handel's "Athaliah" and Funeral Anthem; Haydn's "Stabat Mater;" Dr. Cooke's Evening Service in G; Dr. Croft's anthem, "O God, I will praise thee;" Haydn's Service in C; Dr. Crotch's "Palestine," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" (!) Handel's "Athaliah," Esther, and "Belshazzar;" Beethoven's Mass in D; and Purcell's Jubilate in D, are likely to be given in the course of the present season. The report terminates with an ample compliment to Mr. Brewer, who seems to have discharged the duties belonging to the office of honorary secretaryship with great zeal and efficiency.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. LUMLEY commenced his campaign on Saturday night. Fornasari was announced to have appeared in *Zampa*, but it appears, had either been ill, or said he was ill; and so had offended the directors of the Parisian Opera. Quarrelling ensued, Fornasari was sued at law for breach of duty, and Her Majesty's Theatre and *Zampa* were forgotten. *Zampa*, in consequence could not be in readiness for the opening night; and so Donizetti's *Adelia*—a dull alternative, but the only one, reigned in its stead. The music of Donizetti is as stale and as uninteresting as possible, and *Adelia* is as fine a specimen of voluble nothingness as can well be imagined. The subject is "taken from a Chronicle of the Times of Charles le Téméraire," (so says the book), and refers to a law which that individual passed, touching the intrigues of his nobles with lowly born maidens, wherein he made death the penalty for any correspondence of the kind reported to him. His favourite Olivier has a *raison* with a young lady, *Adelia*, and becomes amenable to this enactment. The father of *Adelia* seeks to get the wounded honour of his family repaired by a marriage, which is ordered by the Duke as a preliminary to the decapitation of the bridegroom. *Adelia* becomes cognizant of this intention, and will not go to the altar; refuses to be comforted, and is on the eve of going mad, when the Duke touched by her sufferings, evinces unexpected clemency, annuls the sentence, and gives his consent to the union of the lovers, without the corollary of the headsman. The clouds of misery are cleared away before this sunshine of happiness—*Adelia* recovers her reason, and finds herself sufficiently convalescent to sing the curtain down with a brilliant *scena*, in which she expresses great rapture, but hints her fears that she will "die of joy." In two instances only the singers differ from the cast

of last year. F. Lablache is substituted for Panzini in the part of the sensitive father, *Arnold*; and Conti by Corelli, in that of the favourite, *Olivier*. Signor Corelli is the new tenor about whom some expectations were raised, but who is not likely to establish an era in vocal experience. He has a voice which would sound agreeably in a chamber, but in a theatre it is too small for any useful purpose. When unexercised it is sweet, but when forced it gets reedy. The aria in the first act "*Elle è bella*," he omitted; but that in the third, "*Che fia di mi!*" developed, no doubt, the amount of his capability, and obtained some applause. Madame Persiani, resumed her character of *Adelia*, her presence is a glorious thing for the nights before Easter; and to find her in such good health, with her powers in such high state of perfection, are matters upon which Opera-goers may well congratulate themselves. Signori F. Lablache, Dai Fiori, and A. Giubilei, sustained the remaining characters. The opera of *Adelia* is a dull affair, and, were it not spiritualised by the fairy-like music of Persiani's voice, would be *hypnotical* in the last degree. After the opera "God save the Queen" was sung, Madame Persiani taking the lead, followed by a verse harmonised for four voices. The English pronunciation of the national anthem by the Italian company is always diverting, and we would not willingly miss it when etiquette requires the exhibition. The ballet, *Esmeralda*, undoubtedly one of the best inventions which Mr. Lumley has produced, was to have been played last year, but the accident which befel Perrot occasioned its postponement. It assumes to be founded on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, and the action, in the early part at least, follows the details of the romance pretty closely. The characteristics of the persons, however, are widely altered. *Pierre Gringoire*, the simple witted poet of the original, becomes a grotesque attendant on the Bohemian girl. *Phæbus de Chateaupers*, a callous, profligate, coarse man-at-arms, is converted into a tender, anxious lover. *Fleur de Lys*, the betrothed of *Phæbus* is a mere dancing lady, required only for a *pas seul*, and *Quasimodo*, degenerates into a nonentity. *Claude Frollo*, *Clopin Trouillefou*, and the *Esmeralda*, are nearer the mark, and in them the interest is the stronger from the improved exactitude of the association. But the story of the novel has been, perhaps, as well moulded into a ballet as was possible. The action is not suspended by too many interjectional dances, there are no tiresome intervals between the *tableaux*, and the artists employed are consummate. There are five sections or *tableaux*. The first, the "*Cour de Miracles*," gives us the incident of the dilemma of *Pierre Gringoire* among the Truands, his extempore marriage with *Esmeralda*, the attempted abduction of the latter by *Claude Frollo*, and the gallantry of *Phæbus*—the second "*La Nuit des Noces*," the love of *Esmeralda*, and chagrin of *Gringoire*—the third, "*Fleur de Lys*," the nuptial fete of *Phæbus*'s betrothed, and the faithlessness of the Captain—the fourth, "*Amour et Jealousie*," the interview between *Esmeralda* and *Phæbus*, the presence of the monk, the attempted murder, and the accusation of *Esmeralda*—and the fifth, "*La Fête des Fous*," the riotous pranks of the Truands, the preparations for *Esmeralda*'s execution, the reappearance of *Phæbus*, the detection of *Frollo*, and the marriage of the two lovers. Mlle. Carlotta Grisi is the *Esmeralda*, and quite worthy to personate the fascinating "creature of the sun," so admirably depicted by Victor Hugo. The new *danseuse*, *Adelaide Frasi*, who is the *Fleur de Lys*, is something after the style of *Cerito*, but without much expression. Perrot, if he has not altogether recovered his lameness, can now indulge in considerable activities; his pantomime is inimitable, and in this new ballet it has abundant opportunity for display. M. St. Leon is the most agreeable male dancer now before the public. Mlles Scheffre and Plunket appear: they have both improved, and

are accessions to the company. The scenic effects in *La Esmeralda* are good. The first *tableaux* is well planned, and has an amusing bustle. The dances are new and striking. The bridal fete is a pretty combination of nymphs in white satin with silver embroideries, scarfs entwined with flowers, picturesque temples, and foliage illuminated with lamps. The *Fête des Fous* is a lively group, and there is a procession in it of the Pope of Fools, mounted on a tray, and surrounded with tall candles, full of gaiety. Altogether the ballet is well appointed, and no doubt will be popular.

#### DRURY LANE THEATRE.

**DEBUT OF DUPREZ.**—The first appearance in this country last Thursday night of the celebrated tenor from the Parisian *Académie Royale* was quite triumphant, although never was an artist exposed to greater contrarieties, and made the victim of circumstances over which he had less control. Duprez, however, has no reason to be discouraged—his triumph at the close was the more glorious as it had been attended with reverses not of his own creation. He proved his undeniable title to be one of the greatest tenors ever heard in this or any country. The announcement of the engagement of Duprez by the Drury-lane lessee produced the strongest interest in the musical world.

Duprez was born in Paris, in 1806, and at an early age studied under Choron. Up to the age of twenty years the weakness of Duprez's organ seemed to be a bar to this prediction. Choron, however, was not deceived. Duprez went twice to Italy,—the first time without success, but after singing a short time at the Odeon, on his return to Paris, he resolved to try his fortune again under a southern sky. In the years 1829 and 1830, at Venice, Milan, Genoa, and Bergamo, he was gradually gaining ground, and ultimately at Turin, in Bellini's *Pirata*, his talents were recognised. At Lucca he sang in *William Tell*, and at Trieste, in *Massaniello* and in *Anna Bolena*, he was pronounced to be the first lyric tragedian. His glory was at its height in Rome and Naples, "creating" the *Edgar Ravenswood*, in Donizetti's *Lucia*, the *Lara of Ruolz*, the *Danao* of Persiani, &c. After Italy had thus stamped his fame, Duprez returned to France, to be engaged at the *Académie Royale*, in Paris. It was in 1837, in the part of *Arnold*, in *William Tell*, that he took the amateurs by storm, and from that moment down to the present period Duprez may have exclaimed, like Louis XIV., "*L'Opera c'est moi*." His name in the bills has been indispensable for large receipts—a talisman which has never failed to draw the public. His salary has been upwards of £4,000 per year. The effect of his success on Adolphe Nourrit is well known. When Duprez was engaged, the former refused to share with the new tenor the principal operatic characters. In a letter to a friend, Nourrit thus explained his refusal:—"You ask me why I have left the Opera, but you must, on reflection, be convinced that I adopted the most reasonable course. After having been the first at my post for fourteen years, and which I never deserted, I will share with another neither its honours nor its perils. It would be folly in me to make a struggle for my position. The French easily forget their favourites, and I have to compete with a rival whose great talents I fully admit, although he may not possess certain qualities which I have; but novelty will cause the public perhaps to go with him, and I prefer to retire with my fame unaffected. It cannot be supposed that I take to flight, and I have not been vanquished. Two first tenors cannot exist at the Opera, and therefore I withdraw. I shall travel for a year in the provinces, and then I shall retire from the stage." The sequel was, however, fatal to Nourrit. After great success at Brussels he went to Italy to make his debut, but was cut to the heart's core, by what he regarded the frigidity of the Italians, and a so-

litary hiss having once reached his ears, whilst playing *Pollio*, in *Norma*, at Naples, he committed suicide in a fit of insanity. Duprez's career at the French Opera has been one series of triumphs, every season "creating" some new part. His *Eleazar*, in *Juive*; his *Raoul*, in the *Huguenots*; his *Guido*; his *Robert*, &c., have all been in turns the admiration of amateurs. The question of his engagement at her Majesty's Theatre was once raised, and Rubini, who is a personal friend of Duprez, offered to alternate the parts of *Otello* and *Rodrigo*, in Rossini's opera; but some obstacles occurred to prevent them from singing together, and it was reserved for Mr. Bunn to engage Duprez for twelve nights in two of his best parts, namely, *Arnold*, in *William Tell*, and *Fernand*, in the *Favorite*; the French artist having studied English expressly to appear before a British public. The *William Tell* of Rossini is the last opera of the master, produced in 1829, at the close of his ten years' career in the French capital. An adaptation to the English stage was made in 1838 by Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Bunn writing the libretto, and this version, with some slight alterations, was reproduced on Thursday night. When Duprez made his debut in *Arnold*, in Paris, the scena of "*Asile Héritaire*," opened the last act; but the excitement which it created caused the theatre to be emptied immediately after he had concluded, thus leaving *William Tell* to shoot the apple off his child's head without an audience. The scena was then transferred to the close of the shooting scene, and made the *finale*. This course was imitated last evening. The overture was *encored*, and the curtain rose with the subjoined cast:—

Arnold .....	M. Duprez.
Guillaume Tell .....	Mr. Leffler.
Walter .....	Mr. Stretton.
Gesler .....	Mr. Borroni.
Fisherman .....	Mr. Barker.
Erni .....	Mr. G. Horncastle.
Lutern .....	Mlle. Albertazzi.
Matilda .....	Miss Romer.
Martha .....	Miss Bette.

The introduction then commenced. The entrance of Duprez as *Arnold*, supporting his father, was the signal of an immense reception for the new comer, the heartiness of which he evidently felt, and feelingly acknowledged. His early passage was a brief recitative, but some holding notes he gave forth in the chorus already indicated that he had power to soar above the choral masses. Duprez has not the personal advantages of Nourrit, but his action is graceful and dignified. The first quality recognised was his admirable articulation. Every syllable was distinct, and no trace could be found of the nasal sounds so disagreeable in French singing. In the duet, *Ou vas-tu*, he infused the most impassioned expression. Thus far he was making way, when some notes from Leffler brought down hisses. The latter immediately came forward and addressed the audience, to the effect that it was evident he was labouring under severe hoarseness, and that his only motive for coming forward at all was to prevent disappointment in the debut of M. Duprez. The explanation was received good humouredly; but the "hoarseness" ruined the opera, *William Tell* being so prominent in the concerted pieces. *Arnold* disappears after the duet with *William Tell*. The second act began auspiciously. Miss Romer never sang so well in her life as she did the romance of *Matilda*, "Wild rocky desert." The beauty of her style, and her freedom from mannerism, told tremendously, and she was applauded warmly. The duet between *Arnold* and *Matilda* produced thunders of applause, Miss Romer subduing her voice with great advantage, and Duprez singing to perfection. Here his *legato*, unerring intonation, and broad style, indicated indubitably his "specialty." The trio succeeded in which *Arnold* is made aware of the assassination of his father. The anguish of the singer's tone thrilled through every hearer—



there was that murmuring approbation passing through the house which proved that the sensation had been created—that the actor as well as the singer had touched the heart as well as delighted the ear. The indisposition of poor Leffler was, however, a dreadful damper. In vain did Stretton as *Walter*, throw himself into the breach, and sing his own as well as Leffler's part. The shooting scene was the climax. An accident, similar to one that once occurred to Braham when playing *William Tell*, produced shouts of merriment. There is a wire placed across the stage, along which the arrow is to pass when shot from *Tell's* bow to reach the apple on his son's head. Not drawing the bow with sufficient force, the arrow stuck on the wire, suspended, as it were, in mid air, and a second shot had to be fired before the feat was accomplished. Some wag near us remarked that Mdlle. Albertazzi, who enacted the son, had an arrow escape. It may be judged that the temper of a considerable portion of the audience had by this time been somewhat soured; but still, when Duprez began his *scena*, the finale of the opera, public sympathy went with him, and this was changed into rapture whilst singing the "*Asile Héritaire*," into which he collected all the beauties of his style. It is the expression of intense grief for the loss of his father, but the *scena* is descriptive of conflicting passions, for, at the cry of vengeance from his countrymen, he abandons his anguish, and his patriotism is in the ascendant. This *scena* has a concluding passage of extraordinary energy, exacting from the singer almost supernatural force to give it effect. On the English stage it has been hitherto omitted. In Paris, at the Académie Royale, in consideration of the singer's exertion, the *encore* which it inspires is never insisted upon. Duprez was called upon to repeat this opening movement, but, unacquainted with our custom, he refused compliance. The great majority of the audience, ignorant of what was to follow, expressed their disapprobation at his refusal.

After a scene of confusion, Mr. Cooper the stage manager, came forward. He spoke nearly as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, M. Duprez is fully sensible of and grateful for your approbation, but his great exertion in this—in the former, in the future—under these circumstances he requests your indulgence." This address added fuel to the flame. Mr. Cooper, having lost his presence of mind, quite failed to state to the public the real state of the case. The "house then divided." One-half cried out, "Shame, too much;" the other half hissed. Duprez came forward angrily, and gave the signal to the conductor, but now the "Noes" had it, and after a "prolonged sensation," he was suffered to proceed, but not before his equanimity had been cruelly disturbed and his nerves shaken. Still the fire and energy of the singer disarmed his opponents, and the curtain fell amidst plaudits renewed again and again, until he re-appeared, conducted by Mr. Cooper, to receive the honours. On a future occasion, Duprez, on learning our custom, will not hesitate to comply with the public wish, although, fairly speaking, it is really unreasonable, considering what *Arnold* has to accomplish in the last movement. The *mise en scene* was replete with fine combinations and effects, and the choristers were formed into most picturesque groups, singing with nice observance of light and shade. The accompaniments are of a nature to require an orchestra of which every member is an accomplished solo performer, such is the difficulty of the instrumentation. Some violins and horns had been added, but Benedict had no light task, as conductor, to preserve nicely and unity.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

DONIZETTI'S "*FILLE DU REGIMENT*."—The agreeable little theatre in the Haymarket has a "specialty" of its own, but its direction would

do well occasionally to embark in matters musical. Mr. Buckstone has made a lively piece from the original materials of MM. Bayard and St. Georges. The *Fille du Regiment* was produced in 1840, at the Opera Comique, in Paris, for which it was expressly composed by Donizetti. It was successful, but not triumphant, the composer having abandoned his natural style of writing to accommodate the taste of the *habitués* of that establishment; and yet strange enough, he introduced a parody in the second act, on the school of Garat, one of the greatest singers France has boasted of, and no mean composer himself. The translation of the *libretto* for Drury-lane Theatre was sent to the tombs of the Capulets in one night, but its fate at the Haymarket will certainly be prolonged, and its reception justified the author in announcing it for repetition three times a week till "further notice." The plot is a little complicated. A certain French Marchioness, on escaping the horrors of the French revolution, marries an obscure Lieutenant, who has risen from the ranks. A little girl is found in the midst of the horrors of a battle against the Austrians, by the 21st regiment of the line, which immediately adopts and rears the orphan. Sixteen years afterwards, near the Chateau of Birkenfeldt, the Sergeant meets the Marchioness, who claims the child (now the adored *Vivandière* of the troop) as her niece, and removes her from her "eight hundred fathers," as she calls the soldiers of the 21st, but not before she has fallen in love with a peasant of Tyrol, who, in order to obtain her hand, enlisted in the regiment. In the second act the *Vivandière* is seen in the midst of luxury and splendour still sighing for the company of the 21st. She is assigned, however, by her aunt for a splendid alliance, but her camp habits break out to the sad discomfiture of the *ancien régime* represented by the *Duchess de Granville* and her silly son. The return of the 21st drives *Josephine* mad with joy, and after a series of military and diplomatic manoeuvres she is finally united to the Tyrolian, who has become an officer by the "fortune of war," and the aunt turns out to be the mother of the *Vivandière*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam's acting as the heroine was admirable, and her costume excellent, but her singing days are now a matter of recollection only. The tenor part was transformed into a "low comedy" one, and was acted in the Buckstonian fashion. The rough *Sergeant* of Mr. J. Bland was the best sketch. The dialogue was animated, and at times pointed, and there was some genuine comedy in the second act, in the conflicting conduct of the *Vivandière*, and her aristocratic relations and friends.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### A DUET IN F.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

DEAR SIR,—The favour with which you have mentioned some one's of my works, authorises me to make you one observation on the subject of the article on the concert of Mr. Maggioni, in your last. It says, "Prior to this, Madame Dulcken gave in dashing style a set of brilliant variations by Dohler, and afterwards a *duet for two pianos*, in which she was admirably assisted by Benedict. (THIS DUET WAS APPARENTLY IN F.)"

I should have found it more polite with naming the author, but putting this observation by the side, it is remaining in this phrase one puzzle which I cannot solve. I find only two senses; there is because my *duet* "was apparently in F," that Mr. Benedict has so well assisted Mrs. Dulcken; or, there is because it is nothing more to say in the favour neither of the piece nor of the author. Excuse me for this note, but you ought to know an author who has the conscience of what he has written, prefers a worthy critique than a contemptu-

ous silence. I wish between us one word on the subject, and with that you will oblige your devoted subscriber,

9, St. George's Place,  
Camberwell Road.

CHAULIEU.

N.B.—You will say, the article is taken from another newspaper, but I understand you must have the same opinion as the author of the phrase, therefore how did you understand it?

[We really know not well how to answer M. Chaulieu. In a cursory notice of a concert of no very great musical interest, we awarded three lines (out of about a dozen) to a duet by M. Chaulieu, which (as far as our ears were to be relied upon) appeared decidedly in F. Not being self opinionated, we said the duet was apparently in F. What have we therein done that can possibly have offended M. Chaulieu? Is it a reproach to him that his duet should be pronounced in F? If so it is very singular that in a composition of more than ordinary length, he should persist in remaining so obstinately in a key—to be in which would seem (according to M. Chaulieu) if not a sin, at least a dishonour. That the duet was in F, and very much in F, is still our impression; and if to be in F a position of equivocal dignity, then we can only say that the duet is of a different opinion from its composer—for in F it begins, in F it goes on, and in F it concludes—which preceding involves, on its part, an uncommon partiality for the key. We disavow at the same time all intention of discourtesy towards its worthy composer. Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

Birmingham, February 24th, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—Every man it is said "can do as he likes with his own," but how far a man may go in speaking of the character of another is, perhaps, a matter of question, and has troubled the mind of more than one "gentleman of the bar." I think it is pretty well known how far a journalist, or editor of a newspaper will go, in writing "up" or "down" upon any given subject; but again, it may be a matter of question whether he is justified in permitting persons under anonymous names to publish their effusions in his paper, so long, at least, as these said effusions are prejudicial to the character of any individual. These observations have been suggested from perusing a letter which appeared in your paper of last Thursday, signed "A Voice from St. Paul's Chapel." Now Sir, had not the "*Musical World*," on more than one occasion withheld letters which the Editor at that time deemed personal, I might not have felt inclined to notice the disgusting, ungentlemanly epistle which you published, but as your paper has a name for "better things," and trusting to your candour, and desire to do justice, I have not hesitated in taking up my pen for the sake of troubling you. I think then, I may be permitted to ask, by what influence, or for what purpose that letter was published. It does not deny any of my assertions. It does not disprove any of the facts contained in my first letter; in short, it contains nothing, really nothing, but abuse, and personal abuse too! Now, I ask myself, "What motive could the Editor of the "*Musical World*" have in inserting such a letter, signed anonymously too?"—I confess I cannot find an answer. One thing I beg to say, I do most distinctly disbelieve that you inserted it with a view to insult me, or to injure my character; but I think you can scarcely wish to receive any more "amusing! letters" from

Your obedient servant,

JAMES STIMPSON.

P.S. I may beg to assure you, that I am by no means the only professional person in Birmingham who is surprised at the letter in question, which all must think unjustifiable and unwarranted.

## Provincial.

## BATH.

**MR. WILSON'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—On Thursday, a goodly company again assembled at the rooms to Mr. Wilson's *Mary Queen of Scots*. The vicissitudes of Mary's life present considerable scope to Mr. Wilson's masterly powers of vocal illustration. Whether the events in her chequered course be sunshiny or stormy, he adapts his music to its character. The lectural portion of the entertainment was delivered with much feeling, and adorned with all the requisites of a cultivated elocution. The subject was divided into a series of periods, each embracing the leading facts and incidents connected with the regal career and fate of the unhappy sovereign. To say that Mr. Wilson's gifted powers, characterized as they were by the peculiarities of the Scotch style of composition, elicited laudatory acclamations, must be superfluous to those who know his capabilities. At the conclusion, he thanked the audience for the honour of their patronage, and apologised for the disappointment he had lately occasioned them through his indisposition. Mr. W. has announced another entertainment, which will take place on March 9.—(*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, Feb. 28, 1844).

**MR. TEMPLETON'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT OF *Mary Queen of Scots***, with the music of her time, was, as far as the attendance went, not so successful as his friends could have wished, or as the merits of the performance deserved. This arose more from a lack of interest, induced by an entertainment of the same description on the previous Thursday, than from undervaluation of Mr. Templeton's abilities. The adventures of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, present a theme which will not fail to stir the human heart to the end of time, with feelings of mingled admiration and pity. We were not surprised to find Mr. Templeton—a native of Scotland, with all the feelings of his country warm within him—viewing the unfortunate queen merely as a wronged and lovely woman. This was necessary to the poetical feeling of the hour. We, however, have always been accustomed to view her as a consenting party, at least, to the murder of Darnley, the willing victim of Bothwell, and as inheriting the tyrannical propensities of the Stuarts. Our present object, however, is to speak of Mr. Templeton as a musician, not to quarrel with his historical predilections. We have heard much of this gentleman's musical powers, and have pleasure in adding our testimony to the subject. "Farewell to thee, thou pleasant shore," a ballad composed by Mary, as night shut out the coast of France from her view, when on her return to Scotland, was a sweet *morceau*, deserving particularly to be noticed. Mary's lament during her imprisonment, and the finale, "Find me a place to rest this weary head," were two other equally charming specimens of Mr. Templeton's power over the pathos of musical expression. The second part of the entertainment was devoted to the "Beauties of Burns," in which Mr. Templeton was quite "at home." We liked his stirring and dramatic version of "Scots, wha hae," and the happy mood in which he threw off "The Rigs of Barley," and two or three others of Burns's favourite songs. Mr. T. is a native of the same part of the "land of cakes" where Burns first inhaled the free air of his beloved country, and seems to have a genuine relish for the poetry and music of the Ayrshire bard. We have been informed that both Mr. Templeton and Mr. Wilson have at one time practised the typographic art. Their may well be added to the long list of eminent names which have been rescued by Fame from the obscurity of the printing office, and engraved on her deathless monuments.—(*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, Feb. 28, 1844.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MR. FREDERIC CHATTERTON'S SOIREEES MUSICALES.**—The first of these took place on Thursday evening, with the greatest success. We regret that an engagement elsewhere prevented our attendance, but we have received, from a fair correspondent, who was present (Miss Jane Farmer) some complimentary verses on Mr. F. Chatterton's harp playing, which cannot but gratify the subject of them. We insert them—

FREDERIC CHATTERTON.

Tempe's vale now is lighted where gods hold their reign,  
While mirth with her bright train that blest scene surrounds;  
Terpsichore bounds o'er the flowery plain,  
And magical echoes steal gently around.  
The beauteous Hebe in youthful array,  
With Circe is weaving a mystical spell;  
Apollo descends with the Goddess of Day,  
But starts for soft music around him fell.  
The chords of a harp sweetly float through the air,  
"Agitato" he listens to the pure sound;  
"Accelerando" it bursts on his wondering ear,  
And Apollo is mute on Elysian ground.  
He arose from his throne, and with spirit and fire,  
(So jealous was he of that soft strain and sound)  
Hurled from him "Rapido" his beautiful lyre,  
While its broken strings mournfully sighed on the ground.

Alas! he exclaimed, thou'rt now useless tho' rare,  
For a mortal has rivalled thy once lovely strain;  
E'en now "Con dolcezza" it floats through air,  
And leaves "Ricordanza" in its bright train.  
"Con dolore" by Zephyr 'tis wafted to me,  
And Mercury tells me that Harp by its charm  
Has gained for its owner Fame wove for me,  
And I abandon, must yield him the palm.  
I therefore resign, may such talent ne'er fade,  
But shine on like the sun in its glorious light;  
It can ne'er by more brilliance be placed in the shade,  
For 'tis heard but with rapture and breathless delight.

Aurora in splendour now rose from the throne,  
And wafted her bright wand with glorious pride,  
While dazzled by her beauty the sun left his zone,  
And the morning's bright radiance o'er all of them shined.  
JANE FARMER.

BRAMH and sons have been enthusiastically received at Edinburgh, where they gave a performance of sacred music, on Monday evening, in the new Music-hall, which was crowded. When Braham appeared in the orchestra (after an absence of fifteen years) he was most heartily welcomed, and his sons, too, met with a most flattering reception; the performances afforded the greatest delight to the company, who were astonished at the still unrivalled powers of the veteran. A chorus of seventy voices, under the direction of Mr. Mather, aided by an efficient band, produced a very good effect.

MEYERBEER'S opera, the *Huguenots*, which has been performed for many years at the theatre at Wurzburg, has just been interdicted, upon representation of the clerical authorities of that city.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—A charming little concert

occurred here on Friday evening, at which a programme of great variety and excellence was performed, by Miss Dolby, the Misses Flower, Mrs. Chatfield, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Machin, and Mr. W. Ball, vocalists, Mr. H. Sarjant on the piano-forte, and Mr. Frank Romer, conductor. There were several encores during the evening, and we must especially mention an Irish ballad, "Terence's Farewell," which was so exquisitely warbled by Miss Dolby as to create a perfect furore of applause. Miss Stephens in her best days never sang a ballad more deliciously. Mr. W. Ball in "The Gentleman in difficulties," displayed infinite comic humour, and was encored. Mr. Harrison was in especial favour, and the Misses Flower won general approbation. Mr. Machin sang with his usual ability and judgment. Mr. Sarjant, the pianist, has considerable execution, but might have selected better music. Mr. F. Romer was indefatigable as accompanist. The whole concert went off to the greatest satisfaction of a numerous and pleasant audience. The third concert of the series will occur early in April.

MENDELSSOHN is decidedly engaged to conduct the *fourth concert* of the Philharmonic Society. He will continue conductor to the end of the season, thus affording a glorious triumph to the principle so long and so enthusiastically advocated by the "Musical World." At the first concert, the symphony in F of Beethoven, and the first symphony, in E flat, of Spohr will be given.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—(*From the Morning Herald*)—At the fifth *soirée* of this society there was neither so good a programme nor so full an attendance, as the preceding one. The instrumental music included one of three piano-forte duets of Mozart—that in C major—which was effectively rendered by Messrs. Dorrell and Mudie; a quintet, in E flat, for piano and stringed instruments, by Mudie, a fine composition in the school of Mozart, played by the author, with the assistance of Messrs. Thirlwall and others, which was received with very general and loud approval; a sonata by Beethoven in F major, for pianoforte and violin, performed with admirable taste by Miss Adela Merlet (a very young *debutante*, but one of great promise) and Mr. Gattie; and a quartet of Haydn's in F (op. 80), which, however, did not go quite so satisfactorily. The vocal music, entrusted to Mr. C. Harper, Miss Messent, and Mr. Joseph Calkin, was of a classical kind, from the works of Mozart, Spohr, and Sterndale Bennett. The latter's charming "May Dew" was very prettily sung by Miss Messent, and bril-

liantly accompanied by Mr. Dorrell, who presided at the pianoforte. Mr. J. W. Davison was the director for the evening. We annex the programme:—

Duet in C, pianoforte, Op. 14, Messrs. Dorrell and Mudie; Mozart. Song, 'Ah! non lasciarmi,' Mr. Cox; Macfarren, (omitted in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Cox). Quintet, MS., pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Mudie, Thirlwall, Boileau, C. E. Stephens, and Cubitt; T. M. Mudie. Song, 'Thoughts of evening,' Mr. Joseph Calkin (first time of performance in this country); Mozart. Song, 'May Dew,' Miss Messent; W. Sterndale Bennett. Sonata in F, No. 2, Op. 23, pianoforte and violin, Miss Adela Merle; and Mr. Gattie; Beethoven. Aria, 'Poggi amor,' Mrs. Harper—Le Nozze de Figaro; Mozart. Duet, Fairest Maiden, Miss Messent and Mr. J. Calkin—Jessonda; Spohr. Quartet in F, No. 2, Op. 80, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Thirlwall, T. Westrop, C. E. Stephens, and Cubitt; Haydn.

The songs accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Dorrell. Director for the evening, Mr. J. W. Davison.

The Sixth and Last Meeting of the present Season will take place on Thursday Evening, March 21st.

**MR. SALAMAN'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.**—The first of a series of three meetings was given on Monday night, at Mr. Salaman's residence in Baker-street. The scheme comprised Beethoven's septet in E flat, for clarinet, horn, bassoon, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso, played by Messrs. Williams, Rae, Baumann, Blagrove, Hill, Lindley, and Anfossi; Beethoven's Quintet in E flat for pianoforte, clarinet, oboe, horn, and bassoon, executed by Messrs. Salaman, Williams, G. Cooke, Rae, and Baumann; Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, one of Haydn's Quartets, and some of Mendelssohn's songs without words. Mr. Salaman also accompanied the vocal pieces. He is a fine performer—he has tact and taste united with executive power, and a sensibility alive to every inspiration of the composer whose work he is playing. The vocalists were Signor and Madame F. Lablanche and an amateur. The lady gave a charming canonet by Salaman, "The touching pathos," with impassioned expression. Her *caro sposo* was effective and animated in the "Non piu andrai." The amateur was eminently successful in Spohr's "Thriegeslist" and Curschmann's song of "Mein," gaining *encores* in both.

**MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT AT MAIDSTONE** was attended by a numerous and fashionable company. The performance was admirable—no part of it being more enthusiastically received than that of the worthy *beneficiaire*. Want of space forbids our doing justice to the details.

MR. JOHN PARRY has been singing at the Haymarket Theatre, between the dramatic pieces, with undiminished success.

A CONCERT was given last Tuesday by the Highgate Institution. The manager engaged Miss E. Birch, Miss Ellen Lyons and Mr. John Parry, and the excellent performance of these clever vocalists fully justified their choice. (Parry as customary sang two songs for one). Glee and songs were also well given by Messrs. Field, Crowley, Mc. Kenney, and Harford. Mr. Lewis distinguished himself on the concertina. Mons. Nadaud and Mdle. Coulon played a duet for violin and pianoforte in a masterly style. The pianist is only eleven years of age. Mr. Harford was conductor.

**MR. PHILLIPS'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT OF THE OLD METROPOLIS.**—This should be more properly called a history of London, from the restoration of Charles to the abdication of his brother. We have a description of the parks and the gallants, as also of the origin of the Charterhouse, Covent-garden, &c., all of which have been extracted by Mr. Phillips or his scribe from C. Knight's clever work of "London." There are also a sketch of Whitefriars, the Alsatia in Sir W. Scott's "Nigel;" the anecdote from Pepys' "Diary" of Dryden's incentive in writing the sea fight, and a full account of the execution of Charles the First from Lord Clarendon and Burnet, besides other matter. The vocal portions of the entertainment were interesting. There was a song by the unfortunate Richard Lovelace, from his collection of poems, called "Lucasta." It was encored, but if Mr. Phillips had favoured his audience with a sketch of poor Lovelace's romantic life, it would have found sympathy from his audience. Lord Rochester's beautiful song, "My dear mistress," to which the melody of Spofforth's elegant glee might be well adapted; Dryden's "Sea-fight," excellently sung and encored; a laughing song, from Beaumont and Fletcher, "'Tis mirth," and one of Mr. Phillip's own glowing airs, concluded the first part. In the second there were songs of the Cavaliers, one of which, "Down among the dead men" (alluding to an empty bottle), was encored. There was a large attendance, and much praise is due to Mr. Phillips for his animated singing. We have only space to give one of the anecdotes, which created a hearty laugh. Speaking of the Herald's College, it was stated that Ulster King-at-arms went, dressed in his official costume (resembling the Jack of Diamonds, printed on playing cards), to summon a certain bishop to parliament; he gave his name to the servant, who happened to be an Irishman, and, who, after scrutinising him from head to foot, opened the library door, and said, "Please your reverence, here's the King of Trumps."

THALBERG gave three concerts at Naples lately, which were crowded; he is now at Palermo, giving concerts with equal success. After paying visits to Florence, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Paris, he will come to London early in May.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Handel's *Saul* will be repeated at Exeter-hall, tomorrow, (Friday) evening. Among the distinguished visitors who attended the first performance of this oratorio were the Marquises of Cholmondeley and Anglesey, Lady Mostyn, Sir Walter and Lady Farquhar, Lady Heathcote, Lady Ommamey, Sir R. and Lady Inglis, the Dean of Salisbury, &c. &c.

MISS BIRCH has been singing at Berlin, under the immediate patronage of the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, who feel proud of her, as she received her musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, which owes its origin to Lord Westmoreland.

**MR. WILSON'S ENTERTAINMENTS.**—On Friday evening and Saturday morning, Mr. Wilson gave, at Brighton, two of his popular entertainments, under the patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, and other distinguished members of the nobility. The room was crowded to excess on both occasions.

**SONS OF THE CLERGY.**—There will be no grand performance this year in the body of St. Paul's Cathedral, as was the custom for a century past. Objections having been made to the erection of scaffolding, which interrupted the daily service, the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting under the advice of the Bishop of London, has decided that the festival is to be confined to the performance of one of the old services, with some increase of the choir. The dinner will take place, as usual, at Merchant Tailor's Hall.

**FORNASARI.**—The Director of the Italian Opera in Paris has instituted a suit in the Tribunal of Commerce, against Fornasari, for an annulment of his agreement, on the ground that Fornasari, whose stipulated salary was 35,000f., had broken his contract by repeatedly suffering his name to be published in the bills of the day to perform in the evening, and then, only at the moment when the performance was about to begin, sending a medical certificate of incapacity from ill-health. In consequence of this conduct, one of the benefits was obliged to be postponed, and the theatre, also, has sustained great loss. Fornasari meets this demand by presenting the certificates of his physician. The first hearing of the case took place on Tuesday, before the tribunal, but not being gone through was adjourned for a fortnight.



**THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.**—Their music, we should conceive, was easily taught. The instruments consist of a drum and a rattle, of one note each; the latter appears made of dry nuts, or beads hung upon strings, and shaken about. The drum is an old oyster barrel, to outward view, played upon by a wooden hammer. Both are worthy of Jullien's attention when he gets up the "Ojibbeway Quadrilles," which, if he does not like to put his own name to, he can use that of the imaginary composer, Roch-Albert—he whom nobody ever met or heard of. Oh! Monsieur Jullien!—*Bent. Miscel.*

**MISS DOLBY, Miss Messent, and Mr. Manvers,** with Mr. Carte (on the Boehm flute), will perform at concerts next week at Wolverhampton, Walsall, and Stafford, to be given by Mr. Hay and Mr. Hayward, the eminent violinists; also at the Shrewsbury Choral Society's third concert.

**MR. DE WITTE.**—The soirée of this highly accomplished harpist came off on Monday night, at his residence, with great éclat. His own performances, both as regards composition and execution, elicited marked approbation. In a brilliant duet for harp and piano (the piano part of which was admirably supported by Mr. Mudie) he evinced much originality, fluent melody, and a thorough mastery of harp effects. The concert was altogether a good one, and in addition to the brilliant efforts of the gifted *beneficiaire*, comprised some excellent features, among which we may mention Beethoven's sonata in D major (for piano and violin), excellently rendered by Messrs. Patey and Mudie; a charming song, "There be none of beauty's daughters," the composition of Mr. Mudie, which was cleverly sung by Miss Messent, and the fine bass *aria* from Handel's "Athaliah," which Mr. W. Seguin sang in excellent style. Mr. Mudie accompanied during the evening—we need hardly say—most efficiently. We trust for an opportunity of hearing Mr. De Witte at a more public concert. He cannot fail of making his way in this country.

**WELSH MUSIC.**—Mr. Kibbey delivered an Historical Lecture on Friday last, in Store-street, on the bards and minstrels of Wales, with musical illustrations, excellently sung by Miss Cubitt, Miss Thornton, Mr. Leason and Mr. Kibbey, the latter accompanying on the pianoforte.—An air, with variations, on the Welsh harp, was brilliantly played by Mr. Roberts, and encored. Specimens of the mode of singing with the harp, by the ancient Britons, from time immemorial, were given by Mr. Jones, with very good effect. A second entertainment will take place to-morrow evening.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The first performance took place last night, under the direction of the Duke of Cambridge.—Leader, Mr. F. Cramer, Conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop, Organ, Mr. Lucas.

## PART I.

Dead March—Samson; Handel. Chorus, "Requiem aeternam"—Requiem; Mozart. Trio, "Benedictus"—from Service in F; Cherubini. \* Motet and Chorus, "Ecce quomodo"—J. Hæhnel, A.D. 1570. Air, Mr. Phillips, "Tears such as tender"—Deborah; Handel. \* Chorus, "Cum Sancto"—from Service in E flat; Graun. Air, Miss Harris, "Lord remember David"—Redemption; Handel. Air, Miss Rainforth, "The smiling dawn"—Jephtha; Handel. \* Quartet, "Gaudent in cælis"—T. Walliser, A.D. 1610. Aria, F. Lablache, "O voi dell'Erebo"—La Resurrezione; Handel. Air, Madame Caradori, "Let the bright seraphim"—Samson; Handel. Chorus, "Hallelujah"—Messiah; Handel.

## PART II.

Overture—Occasional; Handel. \* Aria, Mad. Caradori, "Ah! se perdo"—Briseide; Naumann. \* Chorus, "Be not afraid"—Die Hirten bei der Krippe; D. G. Türk. Terzetto, "Mi lasci, O madre"; Winter. Quintetto, "Sento, O Dio"; Mozart. \* Selection from Service in B flat—Credo; Hummel. Duet, Bennett and Phillips, "To arms"—Bouduca; Purcell. Glee, Miss Rainforth, Messrs. Hawkins, Bennett, Peck and Phillips, "When winds breathe soft"; Webbe. Chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb"—Messiah; Handel.

Those pieces marked with a \* were performed for the first time at these concerts.

**MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.**—The third came off brilliantly on Monday night, at the Throne Room (Mr. Dando's own) in Crosby Hall. The programme included a quartet, in D, by A. Romberg, which we were too late to hear—John Barnett's clever song (from his "Lyrical Illustrations") which was given with much feeling by Miss Cubitt—A quartet in E, by Boccherini, remarkable for much fluency of melody and great simplicity of structure—Purcell's *cantata* "Mad Bess," delivered in good style by Miss Cubitt—Mendelssohn's pianoforte Quartet, in B minor, which gave Kate Loder, R. A. M. (pupil of Mrs. Anderson) an opportunity of displaying a very admirable proficiency on the instrument—Beethoven's fine trio for stringed instruments—Sterndale Bennett's captivating "May Dew," which Miss Cubitt sang with taste, but much too slowly,—and Spohr's double quartet, in E minor, a gorgeous and picturesque inspiration, the *cheval de bataille* of the concert. Mr. Dando officiated as first violin, throughout the evening, and, in this capacity, we doubt whether he has many superiors among the violinists of all Europe. He is in all respects, an accomplished and admirable quartet player, with a feeling for his task which few possess. In Mr. Gattie, as second violin, he has chosen one of the most experienced, classical, and finished violinists in England. His tenor, Mr. J. Loder, Jun., is admirable for his steady playing and uni-

formly faultless style—and in Mr. Lucas, his violoncello, he possesses the best now in this country. The double quartet of Spohr was strengthened by the talents of the clever young Watson (of the Academy), the veteran leader, John Loder, the excellent violinist, Pigott, and the elegant and tasteful violoncellist, H. J. Banister, whose recovery from a recent severe indisposition is happily very perceptible. Altogether, these concerts are among the most agreeable of the season—and are infinitely creditable to the judgment of Mr. Dando. Mr. E. Blackshaw accompanied the songs with much discretion.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, ROCHESTER.**—We extremely regret to learn that this society has been dissolved, owing to the inadequate support it received from the public, added to some annoying circumstances, which it will be seen formed the subject of enquiry before the magistrates on Friday last. This society deserved a better fate. With advantages both as to conductor and performers which few provincial societies possess, its early demise is not very creditable to the towns. —*Maidstone Journal, March 5th, 1844.*

## Notices to Correspondents.

**MR. GEORGE SMITH** (Nottingham).—We have written to him on the subject of his flattering note. **W. P. BELCHER.**—Next time, with pleasure. **YORK PHILHARMONIC.**—Next week; always pleased to hear from the worthy secretary, Mr. S. —*Mr. Wilson's pars. next week.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Templeton's Musical Entertainments.

Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

**MR. TEMPLETON** will have the honour on Thursday, March 28th, of presenting at the above rooms,

## A NEW ENTERTAINMENT,

on an entirely novel and interesting plan; now in preparation, the particulars of which will shortly be announced. Tickets and Programmes, to be had at the principal Music-shops. To commence at Eight o'clock.

## Princess's Theatre.

**MR. ALLEN** begs respectfully to acquaint his friends, his pupils, and the public, that his **FIRST BENEFIT** will take place on *Thursday evening next, the 21st inst.* Particulars of the performances will be duly announced. Private Boxes and places may be had of *Mr. Messingham*, at the theatre.

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MR. KIBBEY will have the honour of giving the Second of his course of Lectures on the Druidic and Bardic Character and Institutions, at the Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square, on Friday March 15th, and at Crosby Hall on Monday, the 18th. To commence precisely at Eight o'Clock. Vocal illustrations by Miss Cubitt and Miss Thornton. Penillion, the ancient Welsh style of singing, Talhaiarn; Welsh Triple Harp, Mr. Ellis Roberts; Piano-forte, Mr. Kibbey, assisted by other performers in the concerted pieces. Mr. K. has most carefully combined everything necessary to render these lectures characteristic, while the great variety presented cannot fail to make them sources of intellectual pleasure and delightful relaxation.

Music Hall, Store Street: Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Body of the Hall, 2s.; Boxes for Six, 15s.; ditto for Eight, £1.

## Handel's Oratorio, "Saul,"

As performed by the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, arranged for the Organ or Piano-forte (with Vocal Score), by Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, in Boards, Price 21s.: Orchestral Parts, Principal Violino Primo, 13s.; Ripieno, V. P., 7s.; Principal Violino Secondo, 12s. 6d.; Ripieno, V. S., 6s. 6d.; Principal Viola, 12s. 6d.; Ripieno Viola, 6s. 6d.; Principal Violoncello e Basso, 14s.; Ripieno, ditto, 6s.; Treble, 4s.; Alto, 3s. 6d.; Tenor, 3s. 6d.; Bass, 3s. 6d.; Wind Parts (Perry's Accompaniments), 4d. per page. Any of the Airs or Choruses may be had singly.

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## Mr. Frederick Chatterton,

Harpist to H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Courts of France and Belgium, has the honour to announce his SECOND SOIRÉE MUSICALE for Thursday, April 4th, at his residence, 87, Newman Street, Oxford Street, to commence at Eight o'Clock precisely. Subscription Ticket, to admit one person for the series, One Guinea; Family Ticket, to admit three to one soirée, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had at the Principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Frederick Chatterton.

## Sacred Harmonic Society, EXETER HALL.

On FRIDAY evening, March 15th, will be repeated HANDEL'S ORATORIO, SAUL. Principal Vocal Performers—Miss Rainforth, Miss Cubitt, Miss Dolby, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Machin, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets 3s. each. Reserved Seats 5s. May be had of the principal Music-sellers; Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross; Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross; and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

## To the Governors of Christ's Hospital.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Observing the death of your late respected Music Master, Mr. Glen, I take the earliest opportunity of offering myself as a CANDIDATE for the situation; and as soon as the official announcement of the vacancy is declared, I shall have the honour of forwarding to the Governors my Testimonials, which I trust may not be unworthy of their approval.

I have the honor to be,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient Servant,

22, Upper Gower Street. HENRY WYLDE, Jun.

## Mr. Ch. Charlien,

Author of "The Indispensable," "The First Six Months at the Piano," "The Key of the Modulations," &c., respectfully informs the nobility, gentry, and the heads of schools, that he proposes to give Instructions on the Piano and Thorough Bass, according to his well established mode of musical tuition. For references, apply to Mr. Cocks, 20, Princes Street, Hanover Square; or Mr. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street. Terms at Mr. CHAULIEU'S, 9, St. George's Place, Camberwell Road (post paid).

## Wilson's Scottish Entertainments.

Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square.

On Monday Evening, March 18th, 1844, at Eight o'Clock Mr. WILSON will give ANOTHER NIGHT WILSON'S, in which he will recite the poem of "TAM O' SHANTER," Piano-forte Mr. Land.

Programme—Here awa, there awa, Wandering Willie—O whistle and I'll come to ye, my Lad—Mary Morison—Last May a haw Wooser cam down the lang glen—O this is no my ain Lassie—Green grow the Rashes O—There was a Lass, and she was fair—My Tocher's the Jewel—O Poorthit cauld—The Battle o' Sherramuir—Wilt thou be my dearie?—Husband, husband, cease your strife—Here around the ingle blazing.

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Tickets and Programmes to be had at the Music Shops and at the Hall.

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